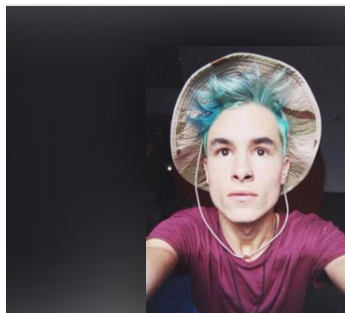




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## The Woods



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### Chapter 1 by Sam Pottorff

Hi. the Names Kian....Kian Lawley....and I'm about to tell you about my story....let's start from the beginning, shall we?

**Monday** I shot straight up, heart racing and cold sweat dripping down my face as I look around my bedroom. I run my fingers through my messy brown hair, trying to slow my heart down. I look at my alarm clock, and groan, seeing it's only 1:34 in the morning. I lay back, closing my eyes and sighing, hoping I fall back asleep. after a minute or two I realize i'm not gonna sleep again, so I get out of bed, stretching, and shaking my head. I walk over to my door and open it, hearing snores coming from my friend JC's room. I roll my eyes and try not to laugh, walking past his room, and make my way to the stairs. as I reach the bottom step I jump it, knowing it creaks when weight is put onto it. I land on the carpet and freeze, listening for noise upstairs. I sigh in relief quietly, tip toeing to the kitchen. I walk to the fridge, opening it and looking through it, even though I'm not hungry. I close it after grabbing an apple, and I lean on the edge of the sink, biting into it. I chew the apple slowly, thinking of the dream I just had...trust me...it was freaky. as I keep thinking about the dream, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a dark tall figure. my eyes widen and I drop my apple, backing up till I feel the fridge against my back. I watch as the figure walks over to the wall, and flick the light switch. I cover my eyes as the lights turn on, and I hear

someone yawn. I peek through my hand and sigh in relief. It's only Ricky. He scratches his head and stares at me, and I can tell he's not sleeping. He looks at me some more. "What are you doing up so late?" he asks. I look back at my neck, not knowing what I should tell him.

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"i-i had to use the restroom?.." I say, trying not to seem guilty for lying. Ricky is like a "father" figure to me, he looks out for me, but sometimes he tends to get bossy, or nosy...like right now. he raises an eyebrow, "oh really? i didn't hear the toilet flush." he says, suspicious. i roll my eyes and ignore him, picking my apple up off the ground and tossing it in the trash, even if it only had one bite taken out of it. I can feel Ricky stare at me while I lean against the sink again. I glance at him, and I know he is waiting for a proper response.

I sigh, and turn towards him. "fine the truth is i had a nightmare but i didn't want to tell you!" I say, looking away, embarrassed.

He smirks, "aww did Mr. Lawley have a bad dream?" he asks, talking like he would to a 2 year old. I growl at him, storming past him and up to my room, and he follows, still teasing. I slam my door, not really caring if I wake the others up. I lay on my bed and grab a pillow, holding it down onto my face, and I yell into it. he doesn't understand! I think in my head, anger building up in me. I throw the pillow, and watch as it crashes into my snowglobe I got from my friend Matthew Espinosa. I get up and run to the snowglobe, but it already broke onto the floor. I sigh in anger, getting on my knees to pick up the big glass pieces, and I feel one slice my palm. I bite my lower lip in pain, holding my hand and rushing to the door and out of the room towards the bathroom. I turn the light on and look down, seeing the blood run down the side of my hand, and dripping into the pearly white sink. I turn the water on and I run my hand under it. I hear footsteps, thinking it's one of the guys coming to check on me, probably wondering what that crash was. I look out into the hall, and I don't see anyone. "huh.." I say, shrugging and I finish cleaning my hand up. i grab the hand towel and dry my hand off, walking out into the hallway and towards the hall closet. i open the closet and search for the first aid kit. I hear footsteps again, closer this time and i look behind me, again, not seeing anybody. i start getting weirded out, so i close the closet, and rush to my room closing the door when i enter. I lay back down on my bed, and i yawn, knowing i must be tired again. I mean, only 20 minutes has past. i groan and roll onto my side, closing my eyes and falling asleep, forgetting about my hand.

**8 HOURS LATER** "RUN!" JC yells at me, shoving me slightly as i stare at the thing behind him. it was a girl, about my age and height. she had dark, midnight black hair, bright BRIGHT blue eyes and a grin on her pale face. i walk back, keeping my eyes on JC and the girl. i watch as the girl

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alright?" he asks, his eyes wide, concerned. i nod, not able to speak. I look down at his left arm, seeing it still perfectly attached. I close my eyes, breathing in deeply. "uh, Kian...you sure you're okay?" he asks, freaked out now. i nod again, walking past him and out of my room, JC hot on my trail. i walk down the stairs, and into the living room, plopping down onto the leather couch.

Ricky looks over at me from the recliner, remote controller to the Xbox in his hand.

"Morning sleeping beauty!" he says, smirking as i roll my eyes. i cross my arms and watch him play "Call of Duty". Sam walks into the living room, sitting next to me and laughs as Ricky dies. Ricky tosses a pillow at him and he ducks, causing it to hit me in the face. I take the pillow and smack Sam upside the head with it, and he falls off the couch. I laugh and he stays on the floor, rolling over onto his back and smiles sarcastically at me. I give him the thumbs up, smiling widely and Ricky laughs. JC walks into the living room, looking down at Sam, confused, as me and Ricky are still laughing.

"oh shut it Kian!" Sam says, tossing the pillow at the couch and i roll my eyes, still laughing at him.

"what did i miss?" he asks sitting in Sam's spot, and Sam tries to shove him. I shake my head, not wanting to speak anymore. i suddenly feel like leaving the room. My hands are shaking, and i keep glancing at JC who's messing around with Sam. I get up and run to the front door.

"i'll be right back!" i say before closing the door and running to the car nervously, keys in hand. I get in the car and look over at the house, seeing JC at the window. i start the car up and drive off, needing some air. I turn up the volume for the music, and hear one of my favorite songs "Can't Hold Us" that has Macklemore in it. I drove onto the highway, humming along to the song quietly. I keep driving, hearing my phone play "thrift shop", knowing it's JC.

I take my phone out of my pocket and look down at it, sighing slightly. I click the green answer button, "Hello?" i ask, looking back at the road.

"Kian are you okay!? where are you!?" JC shouts through the phone worried, and i bite my lower lip, not responding.

"I'm just going for a drive, and yes, i'm perfectly fine. why?" i ask, acting like everything's okay, even though it isn't, at all.

"Kian....is something up? You've been acting really strange ever since i helped you up this

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seat and in front of it but i can't seem to find my phone at all. I grab a rectangular thing, and pick it up, looking at my now found phone, and i roll my eyes. I put it in my pocket and forget to look at the road. All of a sudden i hear someone honk, and i look to see i was on the wrong side of the road. I gasp and everything goes dark.

I hit the ground hard. I still hear JC's screams as i try to get up but something or someone was holding me down. I push with all of my might, and finally get the weight off of me. I gasp as pain rushes through me, and i get up weakly. i whimper in pain, looking over at where JC was, but i can't find him. I hear him scream, and it's coming from the woods in front of me. I run to them as fast as i can. I run through the woods, hearing the screams getting closer. I try not to listen to how much pain is in the scream. My eyes fill to the brim with tears, and i try to blink them back. The tears spill down my face, and i give up, letting them. I look around me, hearing his screams coming from every direction. I start to cry silently, falling onto my knees and i cover my ears. "STOP!" i shout, crying harder. "LEAVE HIM ALONE!" i shout in front of me, feeling the anger and sadness build up in me quickly.

I scream and open my eyes, looking around me, and i realize i'm in the car. i feel my head, and looking at it, my hand drenched in blood. i must have hit my head...i think as i look down at my numb arm. I whimper in pain, knowing it was either broken or sprained. Tears of pain fill my eyes, and i try to move but can't. I remember i still had my seatbelt on. I unbuckle my seatbelt, and look around me. The car's crushed in the front, the back window cracked. I open the car door, seeing the window completely gone. I don't even want to know where it went!! I step out of the car, looking around seeing i crashed into a tree. I see the whole front destroyed, and grab my hair in stress. RICKY'S GONNA KILL ME!! i shout at myself mentally, groaning and yelling in anger. I'm literally lost, and sore. I limp to the tree, seeing if my phone was there so i can call for help. I see a glimpse of my phone case, and i limp/run to it. I get down onto my knees, and grab the phone case, seeing the whole phone was a disaster. i toss it back, knowing it's no use, as i get back up, looking around. I start walking deeper into the woods in front of me, wiping the blood from my head. My feet start hurting after awhile, and i see a stump, so i limp over to it, sitting down. I put my head in my hands, sighing. will the guys even notice? will they come looking for me? i think, shaking my head slightly.

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chocolate brown eyes are darker, and his face is pale. he's scared. He shakes his head, eyes widening and tears falling, and he runs to me. I watch him run to me, and i smile widely, limping towards him. He stumbles into me and hugs me tightly, and i hug him back, not caring if he was causing pain in my side. I feel him shaking, and i hug him tighter, i know he's crying, and i'm about to cry to. Suddenly JC is ripped from my arms, and i look up. The girl's holding JC tightly by the arm, and he looks over at me, his eyes wide. "RUN!!" he yells at me, shoving me slightly as i stare at the girl behind him. NO! MY DREAM IS COMING TRUE!! i think as i stumble back in disbelief. I watch as the girl twists his left arm, and JC screams in pain. I cover my ears, wishing it will all stop. I look up and see the girl rip his arm clear off his body, and i scream, tears spilling from my eyes. "NO!! NO!! NO!!" I shout at the girl who's grinning evilly, and i fall to the ground, blacking out. Kian...wake up...KIAN WAKE UP!! IT WAS A DREAM!! JUST WAKE UP!!

~TO BE CONTINUED~

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